

The Chair of Philanthromathematics

THE GENTLE CRAFTER

BY O. HENRY.

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"I see that the cause of education has received the princely gift of more than fifty millions of dollars," said I. I was gleaming the stray items from the evening papers while Jeff Peters packed his briar pipe with plug cut.

"Which same," said Jeff, "calls for a new deck, and a recitation by the entire class of philanthromathematics."

"Is that an allusion?" I asked.

"It is," said Jeff. "I never told you about the time when me and Andy Tucker was philanthropists, did I? It was eight years ago in Arizona. Andy and me was out in the Gila mountains with a two-horse wagon prospecting for silver. We struck it, and sold out to parties in Tucson for \$25,000. They paid our check at the bank in silver—a thousand dollars in a sack. We loaded it in our wagon and drove east a hundred miles before we recovered our presence of intellect. Twenty-five thousand dollars don't sound like so much when you're reading the annual report of the Pennsylvania railroad or listening to an actor talking about his salary; but when you can raise up a wagon wheel and kick around with your bootheel and hear every one of 'em ring against another it makes you feel like you was a night-and-day bank with the clock striking 12."

"The third day out we drove into one of the most spacious and tidy little towns that Nature or Rand and McNally ever turned out. It was in the foothills, and mitigated with trees and flowers and about 2,000 head of cordial and dilatory inhabitants. The town seemed to be called Floresville, and Nature had not contaminated it with any railroads, fleas or eastern tourists."

"Me and Andy deposited our money to the credit of Peters and Tucker in the Esperanza Savings bank, and got rooms at the Skyview hotel. After we lit up, and sat out on the gallery and smoked. That was when this philanthropy idea struck me. I suppose every crafter gets it sometime."

"When a man swindles the public out of a certain amount he begins to get scared, and wants to return part of it. And if you'll watch close and notice the way his charity runs you'll see the man rise to the rescue. It's the same people he got it from. As a hydrostatic case, take, let's say, A. A made his millions selling oil to poor students who sit up nights studying practical economy and methods for regulating the trusts. So back to the universities and colleges goes his conscience dollars."

"There's B got his from the common laboring man that works with his hands and tools. How's he to get some of the remorse fund back into their overalls?"

"Ah," says B. "I'll do it in the name of education. I've skimmed the laboring man, says he to himself, but, according to the old proverb, 'Charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

"So he put up eighty million dollars worth of libraries; and the boys with the dinner pail that builds 'em gets the benefit."

"Where's the books?" asks the reading public.

"I dinna ken," says B. "I offered ye libraries; and there they are. I suppose if I'd given ye preferred steel trust stock instead ye'd have wanted the water in it set in cut glass decanters. Hoot, for ye!"

"But, as I said, the owning of so much money was beginning to give me philanthropitis. It was the first time me and Andy had ever made a pile big enough to make us stop and think how we got it."

"Andy," says I, "we're wealthy—not boys and girls any more. We're the public for a long time with all kinds of little schemes from selling self-igniting celluloid collars to flooding Georgia with Hoke Smith presidential campaign buttons. I'd like myself, to hedge a bet or two in the graft game if I could do it without actually banging the cymbalines in the Salvation Army or teaching a Bible class by the Berillon system."

"What'll we do?" says Andy. "Give free grub to the poor or send a couple of thousand to George Cortelyou?"

"Neither," says I. "We've got too much money to be implicated in plain charity; and we haven't got enough to make restitution. So we'll look about for something that's about half way between the two."

"The next day in walking around Floresville we saw on a hill a big red brick building that appears to be inhabited. The citizens speak up and tell us that it was begun for a residence

several years before by a mine owner. After running up the house he finds he only had \$2.50 left to furnish it with, so he invests that in whisky and jumps off the roof on a spot where he now requisites in pieces.

"As soon as me and Andy saw that building the same idea struck both of us. We would fix it up with lights and pen wipers and professors, and put an iron dog and statues of Hercules and Father John in the lawn, and start one of the finest free educational institutions in the world right there."

"So we talks it over to the prominent citizens of Floresville, who falls in line with the idea. They give a banquet on the engine house to us, and we make our bow for the first time as benefactors to the cause of progress and enlightenment. Andy makes an hour-and-a-half speech on the subject of irrigation in lower Egypt, and we have a moral tone on the phonograph and pineapple sherbet."

"Andy and me didn't lose any time in philanthroping. We put every man in town that could tell a hammer from a step ladder to work on the building, dividing it up into class rooms and lecture halls. We wire to Frisco for a carload of desks, footballs, arithmetics, penholders, dictionaries, chairs for the professors, slates, skeletons, sponges, twenty-seven cravat-tied rowers, and caps for the senior class, and an open order for all the truck that goes with a first-class university. I took it on myself to put a campus and a curriculum on the list; but the telegraph operator must have got the words wrong, being an ignorant man, for when the goods come we found a can of peas and a curry comb among 'em."

"While the weekly paper was having chalk-plate cuts of me and Andy wired an employment agency in Chicago to express us, f. o. b., six professors immediately—one English literature, one up-to-date dead languages, one chemistry, one political economy, Democrat preferred—one logic, and one wise to painting, Italian and music, with union card. The Esperanza bank guaranteed salaries, which was to run between \$300 and \$500."

"Well, sir, we finally got in shape. Over the front door was carved the words: 'The World's University: Peters & Tucker, Patrons and Proprietors.' And when September the first got a press notice, and the crowd of the commons began to roll in. First the faculty got off the tri-weekly express from Tucson. They was mostly young, spectacled and red-headed, with sentiments divided between ambition and blue. Andy and me got 'em billeted on the Floresvillians and then laid for the students."

"They came in bunches. We had advertised the university in all the state papers, and it did us good to see how

quick the country responded. Two hundred and nineteen husky lads aging along from 18 up to chin whiskers answered the clarion call of free education. They ripped open that town, sponged the seams, turned it, lined it with new mohair; and you couldn't have told it from Harvard or Goldfields at the March term of court."

"They marched up and down the streets waving flags with the World's University colors—ultramarine and blue—and they certainly made a lively place of Floresville. Andy made 'em a speech from the balcony of the Skyview hotel, and the whole town was out celebrating."

"In about two weeks the professors

got the students (disarmed and herded into classes. I don't believe there's any pleasure equal to being a philanthropist. Me and Andy bought high silk hats and pretended to dodge the two reporters on the Floresville Gazette. The paper had a man to kodak us whenever we appeared on the street, and ran our pictures every week over the column headed 'Educational Notes.' Andy lectured twice a week at the university; and afterward I would rise and tell a humorous story. Once the Gazette printed my picture with Abe Lincoln on one side and Marshall P. Wilde on the other."

"Andy was as interested in philanthropy as I was. We used to wake up

of nights and tell each other new ideas for booming the university."

"Andy," says I to him one day, "there's something we overlooked. The boys ought to have dromedaries."

"What's that?" Andy asked.

"Why, something to sleep in, of course," says I. "All colleges have 'em."

"Oh, you mean pajamas," says Andy.

"I do not," says I. "I mean dromedaries. But I never could make Andy understand; so we never ordered 'em. Of course, I meant them long bed-rooms in colleges where the scholars sleep in a row."

"Well, sir, the World's university was a success. We had scholars from five states and territories, and Floresville had a boom. A new shooting gallery and a pawn shop and two more saloons started; and the boys got up a college yell that went this way:

"Raw, raw, raw,
Done, done, done,
Peters, Tucker,
Lots of fun.
Bow-wow-wow,
Haw-hee-haw,
World university,
Hip, hurrah!"

"The scholars was a fine lot of young men, and me and Andy was as proud of 'em as if they belonged to our own family."

"But one day about the last of October Andy comes to me and asks if I have any idea how much money we had in the bank. I guesses about sixteen thousand. 'Our balance,' says Andy, 'is \$821.62.'"

"What!" says I, with a kind of a yell. "Do you mean to tell me that them infernal little clod-hoppers, dough-headed, pup-faced, goose-brained, gate-stealing, rabbit-eared sons of horse thieves have soaked us for that much?"

"No less," says Andy.

"Then I'll Helvetia with philanthropy," says I.

"Not necessarily," says Andy. "Philanthropy," says he, "when run on a good business basis is one of the best grafts going. I'll look into the matter and see if it can't be straightened out."

"The next week I am looking over the payroll of our faculty when I run across a new name—Professor James Darnley McCorkle, chair of mathematics; salary \$100 per week. I yells so loud that Andy runs in quick."

"What's this?" says I. "A professor of mathematics at more than \$5,000 a year! How did this happen? Did he get in through the window and appoint himself?"

"I wired to Frisco for him a week ago," says Andy. "In ordering the faculty we seem to have overlooked the chair of mathematics."

"A good thing we did," says I. "We can pay his salary two weeks, and then our philanthropy will look like the ninth hole on the Skibo golf links."

"An' thin there's me frind Taft. Strongly recommended be th' captain iv th' Cincinnati Reds, he is said to be good presidential timber. He don't look like timber at all to me. On th' contrary. If ye want a man to fill th' presidential chair to overflowin', it's Taft. I can't think iv him runnin' fr the office. But if th' presidency ever drops into any man's lap, 'twill be Taft's. It couldn't miss. I ain't against Taft because he's chubby. On'y very young men an' very old men should be lean. When a man's in th' prime iv life he shud be provisioned. It shows he's not makin' overdrafts. Me frind Taft has a large balance. That's why he's always so cheerful an' that's why he holds his prinst job. What's that? Oh, he's called secretly iv war, but he don't pay any attention to that. Not he. If war had a secrety like Taft, it wudden't dictate annything to him but mash letters. But he hasn't been to his office fr I don't know how long. His rale position in th' cabinet is official jollier. He's th' Happy Hand. When there's a ruction annywhere Taft starts out an' cleans it up."

"It must be a kind iv a hard job, the rick. He never knows winn' th' bell'll ring an' he'll have to rush fr

"Wait a while," says Andy, "and see how things turn out. We have taken up too noble a cause to draw out now. Besides, the farther I gaze into the retail philanthropy business the better it looks to me. I never thought about investigating it before. Come to think of it now, goes on Andy, 'all the philanthropists I ever knew had plenty of money. I ought to have looked into that matter long ago, and located which was the cause and which was the effect.'"

"I had confidence in Andy's clean-ness in financial affairs, so I left the whole thing in his hands. The university was flourishing fine, and me and Andy kept our silk hats shined up, and Floresville kept on heaping honors on

us like we was millionaires instead of almost busted philanthropists."

"The students kept the town lively and prosperous. Some stranger came to town and started a faro bank over the Red Front livery stable, and began to amass money in quantities. Me and Andy strolled up one night and piked a dollar or two for sociability. There were about fifty of our students there drinking rum punches and showing high stacks of blues and reds about the table as the dealer turned the cards up."

"Why, dang it, Andy," says I, "these free-school-hunting, gander-headed, silk-socked little sons of sap-suckers have got more money than you and me ever had. Look at the rolls they're pulling out of their pistol pockets!"

"Yes," says Andy, "a good many of them are sons of wealthy miners and stockmen. It's very sad to see 'em wasting their opportunities this way."

"At Christmas all the students went home to spend the holidays. We had a farewell blowout at the university, and Andy lectured on 'Modern Music and Prehistoric Literature of the Archipelagoes.' Each one of the faculty answered to toasts, and compared me and Andy to Rockefeller and the Emperor Marcus Antony. I pounded on the table and yelled for Professor McCorkle; but it seems he wasn't present on the occasion. I wanted a look at the man that Andy thought could earn \$100 a week in a philanthropy that was on the point of making an assignment."

"The students all left on the night train; and the town sounded as quiet as the campus of a correspondence school at midnight. When I went to the hotel I saw a light in Andy's room, and I opened the door and walked in."

"There sat Andy and the faro dealer at a table dividing a two-foot high stack of currency in thousand-dollar packages."

"Correct," says Andy. "Thirty-one thousand apiece. Come in, Jeff," says he. "This is our share of the profits of the first half of the scholastic term of the World's university, Incorporated and philanthropized. Are you convinced now," says Andy, "that philanthropy when practiced in a business way is an art that blesses him who gives as well as him who receives?"

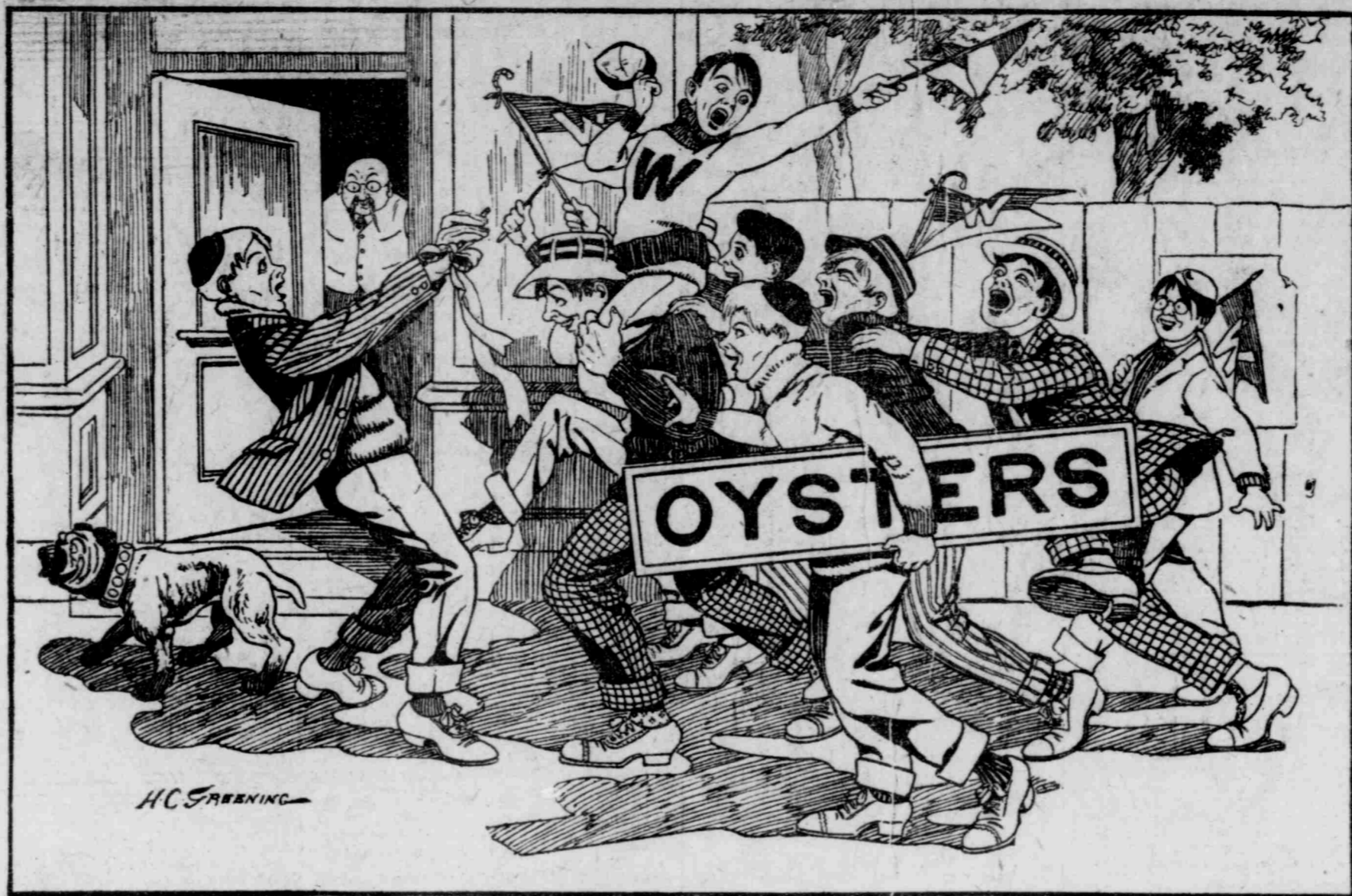
"Great!" says I, feeling fine. "I'll admit you are the doctor this time."

"We'll be leaving on the morning train," says Andy. "You'd better get your collars and cuffs and press clippings together."

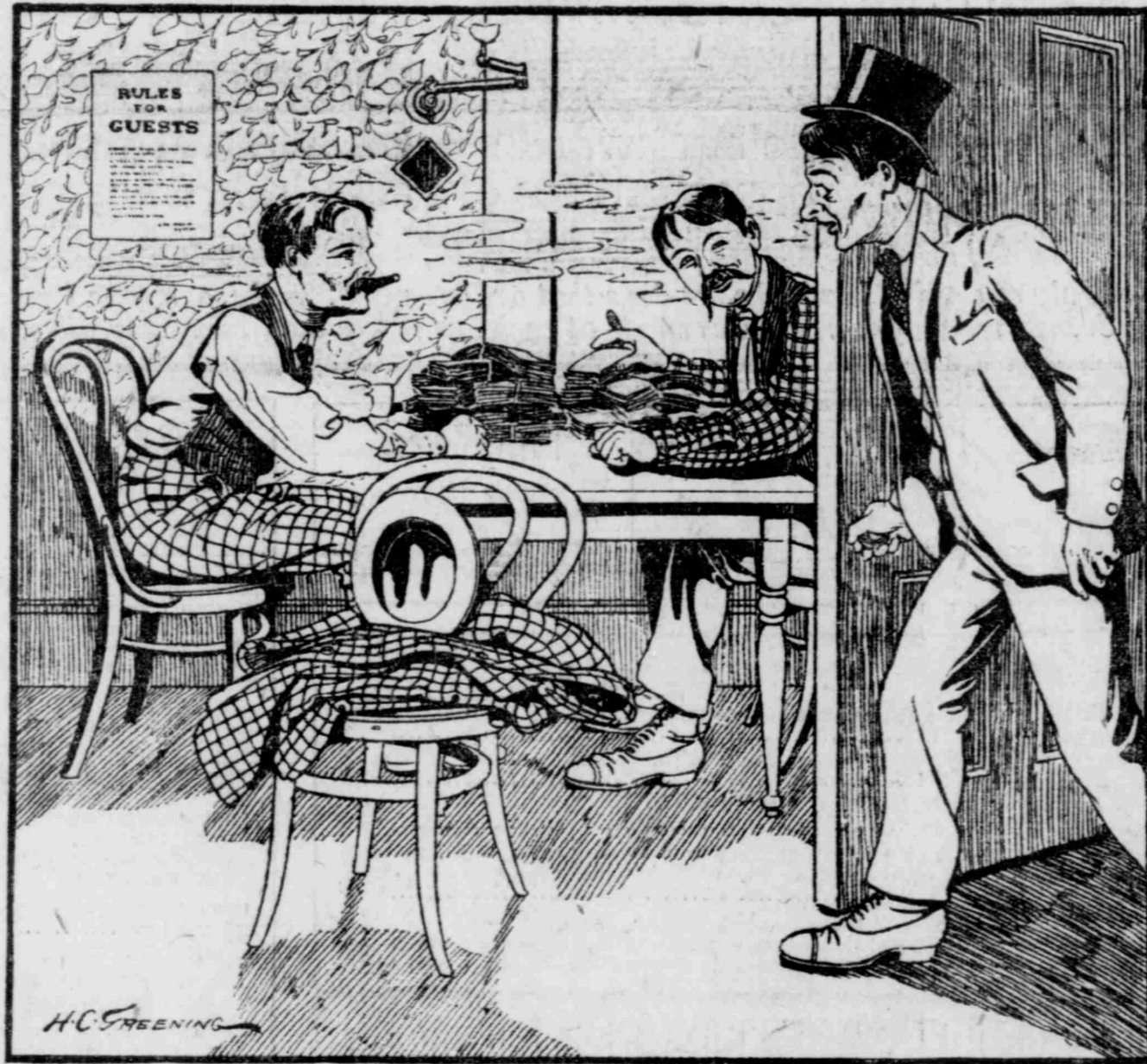
"Great!" says I. "I'll be ready. But, Andy," says I, "I wish I could have met that Professor James Darnley McCorkle before we went. I had a curiosity to know that man."

"That'll be easy," says Andy, turning around to the faro dealer.

"Jim," says Andy, "shake hands with Mr. Peters."



"THEY MARCHED UP AND DOWN THE STREETS."



"THERE SAT ANDY AND THE FARO DEALER"



"A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN A SACK"

NOW IT IS PAPER YARNS.

German Invents a Material That Has Varied Uses.

(New York Commercial.)

According to a report by Carl Bailey Hurst, consul at Plauen, Saxony, it is possible that before many years we shall be wearing clothing made of paper, using paper rugs and carpets, and making sails of paper canvas. The manufacture of paper "yarns" has progressed so far that many careful housewives last year bought paper towels under the impression that they were getting bargains in linen, the articles selling at wholesale for 24 cents a dozen, medium size. Enough "paper" cloth can be bought for \$1 to make a three-piece suit.

The attention of the bureau of manufactures having been directed to this new branch of industry, it made inquiries of the consuls in Saxony regarding it, and Mr. Hurst has made an interesting report on the subject. He states that "Xyloin," as the article is called, was invented by Herr Emil Hoyer of Saxony, after many and long continued experiments, and all the processes are patented in all civilized countries. Moreover, the "yarns" of paper fibre, consisting of 95 per cent paper and 5 per cent cotton, are made somewhat extensively in England, Bohemia and Saxony, and factories are to be established by the inventor in the United States.

Xyloin may be woven into any desirable fabric; it is primarily a thread or yarn, and is employed exclusively in

weaving. The thread is not brittle, and it does not have a hard surface, and it neither shrinks nor stretches to any appreciable extent. Having certain resilient qualities, it cannot readily be crushed or dented like paper, and on it moisture has practically no effect.

Among the other many good qualities claimed for it is that it is a serviceable substitute for cotton, jute, linen and even silk. When bleached the yarn or thread is of a snowy whiteness, and at first glance cannot be distinguished from cotton. It is said to combine the good qualities of cotton and linen at one-tenth the price of linen.

It can be more readily dyed in delicate shades far outmatching the range of colors to which cotton or silk are susceptible, and it is asserted, vastly more than those of linens. The process of dyeing the thread or yarn is patented, and appears to be of such perfection that no colors from the faintest nuances to the richest hues are affected by strong light.

Rugs and carpets of this material, woven like ingrain carpets, are being imported into the United States. They are said to be elastic to the touch, easily cleaned by beating and washing and not retentive of dust. Moths do not attack them.

The paper yarn is much used for making bagging instead of jute, or used in combination with it, one thread of jute with two of paper. It is used for outing hats, canvas shoes and slippers, towels, which are usually taken for linen, wall hangings, unholstering veranda furniture, as it is not affected by the weather, and for outing suits. It is said to be particularly suited for underwear.

The processes used are said to be secret, and no information is given regarding them.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE CANDIDATES

"Mr. Dooley" sizes up the presidential possibilities in the July number of the American magazine in his unique fashion and his estimates of two of the Republicans are given herewith:

FAIRBANKS, TOO DIVVLE-MAY-CARE.

"Fairbanks is too divvle-may-care. There's a Puritan streak in our blood, hide it though we will. Under th' polite veneer, as Hogan says, iv drunk-ness we ar-re still a conservative people an' it's a question whether we can trust a man that can be so carried away by th' tumult iv th' time as to exclaim in a gust iv passion 'I consider it the most fortunate, if ye will forgive th' violence iv th' expression, and I concede that ivry man has a right to differ with me on this or anny other question; an' I will gladly shake th' hand iv anny man in this last sentence who honest-ly disagrees with me, that in this country iv ours, blessed as some say an' some say not, be universal suffrage, it shud happen that th' sacred festival iv our freedom, th' Fourth iv July, though those that believe in St. Patrick's day are entitled to their opinion, an' a better lot iv men niver lived, an' I have a great many English friends, an' Germans too, fr that matter, an' Swedes, that th' Fourth iv July which we cilybrate so joyously, though it is deplorable that so many little boys shud blow off their thumbs thiv' to frighten their sisters with cannon crackers, an' I

read in a Chicago pa-aper that this is so, an' an excellent family journal it is, too, that I have brought to me bedside ivry mornin' with all the other pa-apers, fr where wud we be without th' freedom iv th' press, though they probably go too far in criticism iv our public men, but what cud be expected? It is most fortunate, I think, that th' Fourth iv July shud invariably, as far as I have had the opportunity to observe, happen ivry year in th' month iv July, if I am right."

"A wild fellow. But I hope an' believe Hinney, that if illected president th' responsibilities iv his high office, will rest as heavily on his head as they have on Rosenfell's. Th' janial fellow, th' free-an'-easy hayro iv th' dairy rathskeller, thumpin' th' table with a stein iv buttermilk an' singin', 'Fr' it's always fair weather whin good fellows get together,' will soon be sobered by his mighty job. I'm bound to have me doubts about a man that comes into this saloon just as I'm goin' to close up, hangs his hat on a gas jet an' asks th' stove fr th' pleasure iv a two-step; but I feel that if these thumbs thiv' to frighten their sisters with cannon crackers, an' I

"An' thin there's me frind Taft. Strongly recommended be th' captain iv th' Cincinnati Reds, he is said to be good presidential timber. He don't look like timber at all to me. On th' contrary. If ye want a man to fill th' presidential chair to overflowin', it's Taft. I can't think iv him runnin' fr the office. But if th' presidency ever drops into any man's lap, 'twill be Taft's. It couldn't miss. I ain't against Taft because he's chubby. On'y very young men an' very old men should be lean. When a man's in th' prime iv life he shud be provisioned. It shows he's not makin' overdrafts. Me frind Taft has a large balance. That's why he's always so cheerful an' that's why he holds his prinst job. What's that? Oh, he's called secretly iv war, but he don't pay any attention to that. Not he. If war had a secrety like Taft, it wudden't dictate annything to him but mash letters. But he hasn't been to his office fr I don't know how long. His rale position in th' cabinet is official jollier. He's th' Happy Hand. When there's a ruction annywhere Taft starts out an' cleans it up."

"It must be a kind iv a hard job, the rick. He never knows winn' th' bell'll ring an' he'll have to rush fr

his clothes an' dash off somewhere on an errand iv conciliation. Wan day he's down in th' Philippines tellin' our little brothers that in th' course iv cinchies, if they'll on'y have patience to wait, they'll get a chance to cheer th' movin' pitchers in front iv th' newspaper offices ivry fourth November. Another day I hear iv him in Cuba embracin' thim kindly people an' abstractin' their dangerous liberties like a good-natured frind takin' a loaded revolver away fr'm a drunken man. Fr'm there he skips to Porter Rick, gathers around him all th' bold citizens that Chin'el Miles set free with wan stroke iv his mustache, an' says: 'Fellow Americans, what ar-re ye kickin' about? Ye want a vote, but haven't ye got all that a vote wud give you? Aren't th' taxes collected fr'm ye, doesn't th' policeman arrest ye, an' th' justice fine ye, th' same as if ye lived in Ohio? An' to secure all these blessings ye don't have to turn over in yer sleep on th' first Ghosdab after th' second Mondah iv November. Oh, that I were a Porter Rickyan an' didn't need votes. But 'tis me evill-fate that I do an' as ye have none, an' won't I must be off to Ohio, where they have nawthin' but, an' away he goes."

RECOVERING VALUABLES.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

When, on leaving a theatre or lecture hall, you discover that some valuable has disappeared, do not lose your head immediately. There are, after all, said, many more honest people in this world than dishonest, and the chances are that, if you go about it properly, you will recover the article.

First of all, register your loss at the box office or superintendent's room. Give your name and address plainly, being sure that they are correctly taken down, and, if you wish to offer any reward for its return, name the amount. Be sure to leave money for the management to telephone you if their search is rewarded, and give your telephone number. Then ask for some one, or if this is not granted, get permission yourself to search the part of the house in which you were sitting. If, after a day, you have no word of the loss, advertise in at least one morning and one evening paper, naming the article explicitly, so as to avoid confusion. If you wish, you may name the theatre as the place to which it is to be returned. Most places are kind and courteous in such matters, and only too anxious to help you in your search. If they return the valuable to you, do not forget that the man who has acted as their agent is worthy of thanks, at least, if you do not wish to reward him in any more substantial way.

A CENTER SHOT.

(London Tit-Bits.)

A good country mayor found himself at a table in a large restaurant between two young men who began to make fun of him.

"See, young sirs," he said, "that you are making fun of me. But I assure you that I am neither stupid nor an ass."

"Ah," said one of them, "perhaps you are between the two."

"Exactly," was the prompt reply; "I'm between the two."